CITY DIRECTORY.

H. E. Wall, J. B. Farrar and ter an' its freeze:

I'm such a thankful feiler that I couldn't, if I'd try.

W. P. Gilliano, A. E. Cralle and whether I'm more thankful for December or July.

Say whether I'm more thankful for December or July. ers. W. P. Gilliam. A. E. Cralle and Say Whether I'm more manking for December of July.

Of course there's disappointments, and there's trouble, more or less.

But I'm so brimmin' over with the sweets speaking at, though not to him. Honse-W. E. Anderson, E. L.
Honse-W. E. Anderson, E. L.
Hand A. F. Craile, Chas. Bing and W. E.
A. F. Craile, Chas. Bing and W. E.

Then have a day o' thankin' in the latter

Then have a day o' thankin' in the latter

Between DEE B. Farrar, H E. Wall and W. P.

union.
Town Clerk—S. J. Whitehead.
Town Clerk—S. J. Whitehead.
Cus Treasurer—John A. ScottCus Treasurer of Hevenue—Herbert Rice.
Ciry Sergont—K. B. Miller.
Ciry Sergont—K. B. Miller.
Safi Electric Plant—O. T. Wicker.

PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY DIRECTORY. (OFFICE AT FARMVELLE.)

n Gee, J. Hundiey, Judge Circuit Court.
J. M. Crute, Indge C. unty Court.
A. D. Walkins, Commonwealth's Att'y,
A. Thackston, Clerk, Circuit and County Whitehead, Deputy Clerk Circuit and

Soft.
F. Carter, Commissioner of Revenue.
J. E. Ewing, Treasurer.
J. Bickinson, Stheriff.
J. Harvey, Jr., Deputy Sheriff.
J. Marvey, Jr., Deputy Sheriff.
J. Barden, Superintendent Schools,

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, PAMPLIN CITY, VA.

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S. P. VANDERSLICE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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FARMVILLE, VA.

R. S. PAULETT, - - - W. G. Venable. - -

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Does a general banking business. Interest flowed on time-deposits. Loans negotiated, beeks sold on all principal cities and Col-cilors made.

Medicines and Druggists' Sundries, Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

rather more than fully insured.

nometer and one of the compasses, crewwhotemporarily took Capt. Pratt's overeating, and so did George HI. In nicks—a sea term of reproach—with out once, as half stupefied I stared out over the oily expanse, I saw—surely

burn the long-boat up next." Feeling crestfallen enough, Joe and I crawled into the small boat after Mr. followed the direction of my gaze, had

Without waiting to see the end of the | But what! There wasn't a breath of burning vessel, the long-boat's sail was nir stirring, yet the strange sail was spread, and, before a stiffish breeze, slipping through the water and coming wassteered for Macassar, 40 miles away, toward us at a lively rate of speed. was steered for Macassar, 40 miles away.
Sent door to Planters Bank, Farmville the sailors growling audibly at the dead weight of the launch and its load but he rubbed his eyes, and was staring my peerless hair tonic, warranted to

A THANKFUL SONG.

I'm thankful for the summer with its blos-

Thanksgivin' Day

I'm thankful for the orchards an' the med- | pink, purple and bluish-green.

pendent way,
And I'm jes' more'n thankful I'm a-livin'
here to-duy.
I've got enough to keep mg. an' a little bit

dous scale.

"We'll catch it before morning," muttered Mr. Murch, shaking his head omi-

Life's evening frost has caught me an' it's sort o' tipped my hair:
I'm thankful, though, for that-for all-for ev'rything-an'-yes.
I'm thankful I can sing a song jes' filled
I'm thankful I can sing a song jes' filled

-Roy Farrell Greene, in Leslie's Weekly.

Who Spoke First?

By Frank H. Converse.

TOE hadn't spoken to me for a week. The last thing he said was:

just said."

if he didn't speak till then. And, as we | As though extinguished by the tor-80 days out from Boston to Singapore. the blackness of utter darkness. you can see how awkward it was.

only I called it firmness in my own suddenly up. case, and "mulishness" in Joe's. Mrs. Bradford, Joe's mother, used to say that I was going to add, but bit off the sen- ward Macassar like a bird. we were both "setter'n the everlastin' tence just in time to make it a merely hills," and I guess she was right.

trifle. Unfortunately, as schoolmates | alongside, his lips parted, but he choked we had been rivals in a small way, each back what he was going to say. And wanting to be thought the "smartest." then, before we had quite recovered And very foolishly we carried this ri- from this shock, the wind sprang up bows. valry on shipboard.

ways first at the weather earing in | as nearly to awamp the kittle boat bereefing. I took a better trick at the fore we got her round "head on." wheel, and was neater at knotting and I took all the credit of Joe's next splicing. And so on through the whole | maneuver, though I think likely Joe | children, who were stowed here and chapter of ordinary seamanship, wind- would have thought of it if I hadn't. ing up with the quarrel which gave rise to Joe's assertion, while the bark was together, I bent the end of the painter from an island to leeward about a thouto Joe's assertion, while the bark was cound them midway, and threw the sand miles, before the steady south-tween Borneo and Celebes. tween Borneo and Celebes.

sundown, Joe and I were sent down between decks after some varnish from glowering speechlessly at each other the big cask lashed amidships.

There was little wind, but a heavy ground swell, and as I stood holding on by the stanchion with one hand, extending the lighted lantern with the other, so Jee could see what he was doing, a tremendous lee lurch sent Joe, with the half-filled pot, against the lantern. knocking it out of my hand and breaking the glass at the same time!

The kerosene ran out, caught fire and ignited the spilled varnish, which finshed like gunpowder to the faucet of the cask, from which the inflammable compound was running in a steady

In a moment the cask and everything near it was a mass of flame!

"Now see what you've done!" I yelled, as we both scrambled for dear life to the hatchway ladder and up on deck! But, true to his principles, Joe made

no reply. He only yelled: "Fi-er! Fi-er!" which was needless, as a column of flame had shot up through the hatchway, half as

high as the mainmast head. Now, the breween-decks cargo consisted for the most part of light, inflammable goods, and, worse still, there were a large number of cases containing naphtha and petroleum among ask what the trouble was. But no-he

No earthly power could have saved the bark, and we had just time to get over the only two boats-a long boat and light launch or go-ashore boat-before the Rattler was on fire, fore and

A bag of bread and breaker of water were tossed into the small boat, which | felt who were four and five days in an | sure to keep me awake." - Youth's was taken in tow by the largest, into which tumbled the entire ship's company-13 in all-and pushed off from thy just pulsing like the breast of a the doomed bark, which, by the way, tired child, but the surface was as was old, unsalable, and, with the cargo, smooth as a mirror. The long boat had

had saved the bark's papers, his chro- knew afterward, to three or four of the Caesar died of it. Henry VIII. died of "Mr. Murch," said Capt. Pratt, who "take those two unlucky young rey- command from him. long-boat just so much, and I don't it was-a lateen-shaped sail, not an want 'em abourd here, anyway-they'll | eighth of a mile distant!

Joe and I had not exchanged a word. I kept allence.

Soms and its bees.

Fig. 6. Wall, J. B. Farrar and ter and its freeze.

The control of the wind of the wind of the wind of the wind of the control of the wind of the wind

And, quite naturally, this pleasant

part o' fall;
Their songs while crops are growin' have a managed to get at the truth. And I tength of 20 feet and upward, given to

delight.

For blessin's showered on me ev'ry mornin', noon an' night:

No matter if I'm plantin' corn or busy cutyet not a mutter of thunder was heard. And such wonderful lightning! All tin' hay,

Each sunrise marks the dawnin' of a new over the blackness of the sky it played continuously in great sheets of rose,

der plots of grass.

The effect was exactly like that of the colored lights in a spectacular drama, built round the spring, bubbling up cool built round the spring, bubbling up cool colored lights in a spectacular drama, built round the spring, bubbling up cool colored lights in a spectacular drama, built round the spring bubbling up cool ome as I pass;
I'm thankful for the nation an' its indeonly this was on nature's most stupen-

> nously. And we did.

each other in the launch. All at once it seemed as if the black | delirium I did not speak a word directly vault overhead was rent in twain by an | to him. awful thunder crash, which came simultaneously with such a glittering. scorehing, blinding glare of electricity as I have never seen before or since-

even in the tropics! And in another second the floodgates of the sky were opened! Down came | water left in the heel of the sea boot I never'll speak to you again, Har- the rain in great sheets, and in less time ry Smith, till you take back what you than it takes me to write it our little boat was almost half full of water. We | half choked with thirst, the brave fel-And, of course, I answered that I began to bail energetically—I with a tin idn't care; he'd have to wait one while, bailer. Joe with one of his sea boots. didn't care; he'd have to wait one while, | bailer, Joe with one of his sen boots.

two boys occupied the same little eight | rents of rain, the lightning suddenly by ten room on board the bark Rattler, ceased, leaving us in the midst of The pouring rain stopped almost as

"Good gracious, we're adrift-Joe!"

The trouble between us—as such Joe dropped by The trouble between us—as such Joe dropped his boot, and as, raising things generally do-began about a his head, he saw the painter floating from the southwest, and in ten minutes Joe was the handlest aloft, and al- had raised such a tremendous cross-sea steering, and through the medium of

through the durkness-I in the stern began to feel quite myself again. and Joe amidships-drenched to the skin, shivering, and, like Paul, wishing for the day. I kept hoping Joe would say something, if it were only to growl. And he now declares he was

walting for me to speak. As is often the case after a trople thunder squall, the wind died out entirely toward morning. And when the red eye of the sun squinted knowingly at us over the edge of the eastern horizon, the sea was running in long, glassy swells, unbroken by the slightest

breath of air. But land lay due east, not over 40 miles away, and though we had no compass, there was the sun. Between us both I felt we could pull the boat that distance before we were entirely exhausted by hunger and thirst.

Mind you, I only thought this: I wouldn't speak it. And as Joe sat motionless, with his head resting on his hands. I grasped the painter to pull in the drag.

To my dismay, the painter came in limp and slack. The hitch had slipped some time during the night or toward morning, and our oars had gone adrift. I dropped on the nearest thwart, and grouned aloud. I had hoped Joe would looked up, saw at a glance, and buried

his head in his hands again. But he groaned-under his breath. The sun rose higher and hotter, and And thirsty! I began in a vague sort

open boat without food or water. The sea went down gradually, and probably run before the wind all night, leaving us to our fate-thanks, as we

I sprung to my feet and was going to sing out: "Sail ho!" But Joe, who had seen it, so I kept silence.

I rubbed my eyes and looked at Joe; at this strange phenomenon. So again

Mr. Murch sat looking crossly at us Nearer and nearer, and the sun strikboth. He felt sore, for he had lost every- ing the great triangular object transthing excepting what he had on. But, versely, as it came cutting through the glassy sea, sent a strange, bluish iri-"How did it happen?" he asked, descence, such as I have noticed in the glancing back at the bark, now envel- wings of a flying fish in the sunshine.

FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1900.

That it was the dorsal fin of some huge "It was Joe's fault," I said, sourly, sea monster we both conjectured, a moment or two later, as, probably W. P. Gilliam, E. L. Erambert

G. happiness

I don't have time to worry o'er the bitter

H. E. Wall, E. L. Erambert and W.

H. E. Wall, E. L. Erambert and W.

House—W. E. Anderson, E. L.

Ho

If we had known, as afterward, that little episode did not help matters in the dorsal fin belonged to the "sailor fish," a species of swordfish peculiar to Between us both, however, Mr. Murch | the Indian ocean, often attaining a limpin in their thyme.

The Lord must wait their pleasure for a truly thankful time.

But 1 jes' bubble over with contentment an'

think each felt a little aggreed when truly thankful time.

Mr. Murch said it was the carpenter's fault for sending a kerosene lantern

As it was, we relapsed into a sort of dumb apathy. Yet neither broke the

All the long day and long, sultry night, tormented by hunger, and parched with thirst, we sat crouched in

the bottom of the boat. I remember of thinking alternately and refreshing through crevices in the ledge, while all around were ranged new, rich cheeses.

I think that on the following fore-Our launch was ordered alongside the and, as Joe has since told me. I kept long-boat, and the bread and water whispering about the light breeze which had sprung up, and how funny Mr. Murch scrambled aboard to re- Joe himself looked, standing in place of ceive any further orders from the cap-tain, leaving Joe and me scowling at over his head as a substitute for a sail Yet he says that all through this half

> Then there was a blank; and when I opened my eyes, my head was lying in Joe's lap, he was crying as though his

> heart would break-and what else do you think he was doing? He had found a few drops of fresh that he had used to ball with in the shower of the night before, and though

I honestly think this saved my life. "I take it all back, Joe," I whispered. "You never tried to curry favor with the mate, and I was a fool to say so When I came to myself again, I was

But one was as obstinate as the other, quieldy as it had begun, and I looked lying on a pile of mats under a woven grass awning, stretched over the stern of a native boat that was speeding to-A monkey peered down at me from one of the awning poles; parrots and cockatoos, tied by the leg to a rail on

either side, chattered and screeched,

while two young jaguars, not much larger than kittens, were rolling each other over in play near the boat's A pleasant-faced native islander was signs and some "pigeon English," we learned later that, with his pretty, dark-akinned wife and a brood of small there among the cargo of cocoa nuts

We were at work scraping and paint- drag, which kept the boat fairly well in Macassar for cotton cloth, cutlery ing, previous to reaching port.

Ito the sea and wind, though every now and colored thread for weaving.

Just before knocking off work, near and then a wave crest broke over us.

Joe sat by my mat couch, far Joe sat by my mat couch, fanning And there we two young fools sat | me, and the native woman gave me co-

connut milk to drink, so before long I And when, about nightfall, we arrived at Macassar, we found the long-

boat and crew all safe. Who of them it was had cast off the painter of our boat in the darkness and storm, no one could tell. They all denled it, as a matter of course, and as the men virtually took charge after that, Capt. Pratt was obliged to leave us to our fate-at least, so he explained afterward.

Two weeks later, Joe and I shipped as ordinary seamen in the Glenmorganshire, bound for London. But before we went aboard, we shook hands on it that if we had another quarrel neither should wait for the other to speak first. -Golden Days.

Talking Over the Roof.

That there are still people unfamiliar with the telephone is proved by the recent experience of a New Hampshire man. He wished to have telephonic connection between his house and a new one built for his son's summer residence. The best route took the wire over the cottage of an old lady, to whom he applied for permission to make the slight use of her roof that was necessary. The old lady gave her consent, but made a firm stipulation at the same time. "I'm willing you should run wires over my roof and hitch 'em wherever you see fit," she said, pleasantly, "provided though it dried our clothes, it seemed | you don't use them after nine o'clock on as though my brain was on fire. at night. That's my bedtime, and I'm a light sleeper at best, and the noise of way to wonder how shipwrecked men of folks talking overhead would be Companion.

Perils of High Living. High living and overeating have killed many a potentate and monarch. It carried off Alexander the Great in the full flush of his career. Augustus our day many a man of millions has died similarly. William H. Vanderbilt fell dead of heart disease complicated with kidney trouble; so did ex-Gov. Roswell P. Flower. The annals of Washington official life are filled with the deaths of prominent men who dined unwisely .- N. Y. Sun.

Another Theory Exploded.

Customer-I suppose this football craze hurts your business somewhat. Barber-Quite the contrary. I make all kinds of money selling "Hirsutine," grow football hair on a billiard ball in three weeks .- N. Y. Journal.



THEIR EXPERIENCE. Mike and His Wife Run a Saloon Rut

Are Glad Enough to Give It Up. "He's cute, so he is. Whatever have

yo' been doin' to him, Molly?' She laughed, a hearty Irish laugh. "Hear him, now. That's all a mun knows. It's shortened, he is. Do ye mind the little pink socks of him, and the fat legs! It's room to kick he'll have now with the long skirts off him, the darlin'. But supper's waitin' ye, Mike.

What kept ye so long?"
"The same old business, Molly. Wait

till I wash an' I'll be in." "An' can ye get that place ye heard of? Mrs. Sulivan says it's a purty town an' healthy for the baby-it's asleep he is this minute. Wait, Mike, till I put him in bed."

While she made buby comfortable for noon I had a touch of sunstroke. I the night, Mike lighted his pipe and know my head seemed splitting open. settled himself in the little front porch of the house, where he could talk to Molly as she presently flitted back and forth clearing up the evening meal. "Ye see, Molly,"-puff, puff-"the

man that run the place has just died, an' his widdy's goin' home to her folks in the ould counthry; so I git the stock an' good will an' fixin's for about half they'd be in the gineral way. It's a tidy place for a saloon, Molly."

"Thin ye went to Mapleton to see it?" "Sure did L. Mike Murray isn't the man to buy a pig in a poke. A tidy place, Molly, an' pretty rooms over the s'loon, an' it's you'll make things shine. Acushin!" as he drew her to him and kissed her.

A very short time saw the farewells said to Mike's good old father and



MOLLY SMELLED LIQUOR ON HER HUSBAND'S BREATH.

lished 30 miles from their own home, in the pretty village of Mapleton. Lace curtains hung in the front window of the parlor over the saloon, a canary awung in his gilded eage, flowering plants brightened every room, and the baby! Molly's heart failed her for commanding general: "How long can yery thankfulness, as she looked about you hold that point?" with the memher on the afternoon of the day when all was completed to her satisfaction.

To be sure, her happiness had some drawbacks. She shrank a little from the wild merriment which went on beow by ten o'clock of every evening. But Mike intended to keep "a dacent house," so all was quiet by 11 o'clock and the lights put out for the night.

She had another grievance which she did not mention to Mike. The first time she took Baby Bernard out in his carriage, looking so rosy and happy, a a little girl had rushed up to see the baby. An old sister called to her: "Nellie, Nellie, come here this minute, or

I'll tell mamma." "Oh, Jennie, let me see his little fat hands. He is so sweet," urged Nellie. "Why can't I, Jennie?"

Jennie answered, in a half whisper: "Don't you know, they keep the saloon now where Pat Hynes used to be? Mamma wouldu't want you to have anything to do with folks that sell

Molly's cheeks flamed, and she wheeled the carriage rapidly in the of our nation .- Chicago Interior. other direction. It was a new experience to her. As the wife of Mike Murray, whose fresh vegetables met with a rendy sale from all who knew his bright face and obliging ways, she had been respected in the rural community where her lot had been cast. As the wife of Mike Murray, the saloon-keep er, it seemed she must expect a widely

different reception But, as time went on, Mike made money. His bank account grew. After a month or two the saloon was not closed by 11 o'clock. When she questioned Mike, he was cross to her for the first time. "What a fool ye'd be, havin' me put fellys out just whin the money's rollin' in hand over fist. Sure, it's a of my life. woman's notion to be doin' business

"But, Mike, ye promised-" "Shot up, will ye? The house an' the baby for you, an' the business for me. Remember that, if ye know when it's well with ye;" and, as he drew near her with a threatening gesture of the hand. Molly smelled liquor on her husband's One night about six months after

their removal, suddenly there cut across the usual sounds of coarse revelry the sharp crack of a pistol shot then an answering shot-a scream of agony, a new aproar, then the sound of nurried footsteps on the stairs, and Mike burst into the room. "Molly!" he called, in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes, Mike, what is it, for God" anke an "I don't know, but tur'ble trouble. Murder, I'm fearin'." As he spoke, there was a crash followed by yells of where ye'll go or what will become of us. God forgive me, Molly."

While he talked, with trembling hands he wrapped her and the child in what came first to hand. The surround- Branch of Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co. ings, as he almost pushed her from the burning building, were indescribable. Curses filled the air. Very little could bedone. It was the dead of winter, With frozen hydrants, the prospect was hopeless, and the destruction of the place was soon complete. Molly looked on in utter terror and bewilderment, A hand touched her arm. A motherly woman stood by her who said: "I live near here, won't you come home with me? Your baby is insufficiently

wrapped for such a night."

Looking up into the wide, frightened eyes, she took Molly's hand, saying: 'You poor girl! I'll take you home.'

It proved to be Mrs. Wilson, the mother of the two girls Mollie had encountered early in her residence in Mapleton. Both had roused and dressed on hearing the alarm of fire, and both were ready to aid their mother in her kind efforts to help the desolate creature who stood before them.

After an hour or two Molly's anxietles all centered about her hus- R. L. Barnes Safe & Lock Co., After a time Mike came. White

shame-faced, with clothing torn and bloody, with hands blackened in fighting fire, there he stood. The kind couple left them to themselves. "It's gone, Molly, burned up; all we

had in the world.'

"Never mind, Mike, yourself is here yet, an' we're young, an' the good Lord is over all. But Mike, darlint, give it up! For my sake, an' the baby's an' your father an' mother, an', most of all for your own sake. Give it up, Mike, for it's killin' yer soul ye've been since ye went into it." He stood slient a moment. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her and

said: "All the saints hear me promise

my true, lovin', faithful wife, that never again will I touch, taste, buy or sell the stuff that has brought me to the gates of hell. If we starve, I'm through with it the rest of me life; and the boy shall never be ashamed of his father.' They did not starve. Enough was saved from the ruin to enable them to start again in a very humble way in the old home and in the old business; and

Molly blessed the day when, through

deadly peril, they were brought back to

the way of life .- Augusta Lace Stock,

MORAL DARING.

in Union Signal.

Regiment That Took More Courage Than Fighting Pilipines.

men dare. They gave an elaborate banquet a few days since to the officers of the Twentleth Kansas regiment, "the fighting Twentieth" that has made a reputation for itself round the world. It chanced to fall to them to be on the firing line when the severest engagements were on hand, and they lost more heavily than any other regiment called out during the war. They held their position when others thought it impossible, Col. Funston answering the inquiry of the orable reply: "Till we are mustered It is not to be wondered at that their old neighbors in the west wished to show them honors. And it so happened that they were the guests for whom was spread one of pared west of Chicago. There was STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, the most expensive feasts ever prewine galore and spirits in abundance. But a little company of these officers, young men for the most part, fresh from the university when the call for troops was made, sat together. Before each plate were five wine glasses for five varieties of champagnes and liquors. Not one of those glasses was touched. That was a braver thing to do than charging the Filipinos. That is the right stuff out of which to make heroes. The man who can con trol his own spirit, said the proverb writer, "is greater than he who can take a city." Such soldiers preserve their health, their character and the good name of their country. We commend the example of these young officers to the notice of the young men

Well Informed. Patron-Are you sure you know all about this girl?

own family for the past week .- Detroit Drummer (in Dinkeyville)-Your village band seems to be better than it was

Manager of Employment Agency-

Well, I ought to. She has been in my

Tavern Landlord-Yes: there sin't so many of 'em now .- Judge. Comparing Notes.

when I heard it last.

Mrs. Smith-So is mine. One of the kind that smokes and goes out nights -Chicago Daily News.

"Fire! Fire!" "The divils! They've upset the stove! Molly, Molly, get the baby and get out of this. God knows Fertilizer Co.

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FARMVILLE, VA. T. DOYNE

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